

Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1846.

Number 40.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:
The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discountance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

THE GARLAND



—With sweetest flowers entic'd,
From various gardens cul't with care—

From the Evening Mirror.

THE DREAM OF THE PRINTER.

NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.'

'Twas in the prime of winter time
An evening calm and cold,
When in his room the printer sat,
A care worn man and old;
With look so meek that he did seem
A sheep within a fold;

A melancholy man was he,
As ever trod the soil;
Small pleasure had he in his life,
For it was one of toil;
And dimly burnt the printer's lamp
For why? It wanted oil!

He leaned his head upon his hand,
His mind was ill at ease,
And while through many a broken pane
A rush'd the horrid breeze;
With eager look he read a book
That laid upon his knees.

And still he read, nor turned his head,
To hear the shutters flap,
But like some marble statue seemed,
So motionless he sat;
Much fasting made him very pale,
And anything but fat!

At last he shut the dusky book,
Came, with a sudden fling,
With fervid grasp he closed it fast,
And then upright did spring,
Oh, God! could I so shut my mind,
And die it with a string!

Then up the room and down the room
Then busy strides he took,
And then he gazed about him, with
A sad and doubtful look,
And for he saw the office boy
Writing upon a book.

'What do you write my little chap,
Whilst sitting there so still?
Now, is it some sad accident,
A marriage, or a will?
The boy he gave a mournful look—
'Tis nothing but a bill!

The printer sank down in his chair,
As smit with sudden pain,
Down to his chair he sunk with force
And then got up again,
And as he talked with the young lad,
His tears gushed out again.

He told him how some men will owe
And never pay a cent,
And of those wretched, wretched men,
Who never, never lent,
But how their life and fortune all
In foolishness is spent.

'And well I know what pangs they feel,
Who would collect a bill,
Wo, wo, unutterable wo,
Their wretched souls must fill,
So it did seem, once in a dream
That I remember still.'

One who had owed me very long,
Though wealthy as a Jew—
I stood before his house one eve
When cold the night wind blew,
And now, said I, this man must try,
To pay me what is due.

'Two happy blows with a walking stick
And one with my knuckles bare,
Then I went through the open door,
But, who? he was not there,

There was nothing now within the room
But an old and empty chair!

'Nothing there but an empty chair
That stood against the wall,
For he went out the other door.
The moment I did call!
A dozen times I groined aloud,
He never groined at all!

'Then quick I turned myself about,
And swiftly home I fled,
Despair was the grim servant girl
That lighted me to bed!
The fearful boy look'd up and saw
His face pale as the dead.

When gentle sleep o'er the young lad
Had thrown her silent veil,
Two stout tall men, set out from town
Though they, old and heavy hail,
And the printer he did walk between,
Ours is mournful road to jail!
Reading, Pa. Quin

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WAY TO END A COURTSHIP.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

There is quite a little romance connected with a building in Genoa. It was formerly erected and owned by a wealthy man who was in the habit of visiting a beautiful peasant girl in the neighborhood—Pleased with his attention, she cast off as ladies are very apt to do, the rustic lover she had before encouraged.—But although her new admirer was frequent and steady in his habits he never mentioned the subject of matrimony.

Things went on in this way for three years, till one night the gentleman was startled, as he was about leaving the house by the abrupt entrance of the two brothers of the innamorata, demanding that he should immediately marry their sister. They told him that he had visited her, for three years, thus keeping away other suitors, and destroying all hopes of their sister's marriage, except with him; three years was quite long enough for him to make up his mind to, and as he had not done it, they had concluded to do it for him.

This was bringing things to a focus he had not anticipated. For a man of wealth and station to marry a poor peasant girl, merely because he was somewhat smitten by her beauty, was something more than a joke; yet he saw at a glance that there was more meant by these brothers' speech than met the ear—in short that his choice, were to be a marriage or a sentence through his heart. This was reducing things to the simplest terms, rather too simple for the wealthy admirer. The trembling, weeping girl, and the embarrassed gentleman, must have formed a capital group in a peasant's cottage.

At length Signor — attempted to compromise the matter by saying that then was not the time nor the place to celebrate such a ceremony, besides there was no priest; and the proper way would be to talk over the subject together in the morning.

One of the brothers leaned back and tapped slightly on a side door; it opened, and a priest, with his noiseless, cat-like tread, entered the circle.

'Here is the priest,' said the brothers. There was a short interval of silence, when Signor — made a slight movement towards the door. The daggers instantly gleamed before him, he saw that it was all over with him & so yielded with as good a grace as possible, and the nuptials were performed. He immediately placed his wife in a school to be educated, while he, in the mean time, bought a title. Years passed by and the ignorant peasant girl emerged into the fashionable world an accomplished woman. She is now the beautiful Countess of —

CLASSIFICATION.

A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog to make him follow her. 'Come along, sir! A would-be warty gentleman approached her! He day & escorted her thus—Is it me madman you called? 'Oh no, sir!' said she with great composure 'it was another puppy I spoke to.'

'My tail is ended,' as the tail pole reflected when he turned into a bull frog.

WAGES OF LABOR.

From an instructive article on the subject of agricultural labor in different countries, its wages, and the comparative condition of the laborer, in the London Mark Lane Express, we condense the following facts. In our estimates we have called the shilling sterling 22 cents, though its value is a trifle less; and the comparison, though instituted with the English laborer can be easily made with those of this country.

In England the average rate of agricultural wages for an able man with a family, is 9 shillings, or \$1.93 cents per week. From this is to be deducted cottage rent at 33 cents per week, leaving \$1.63 per week to provide himself with the necessities of life. In France, a laborer in the same situation receives \$1.04 per week; in Prussia, 66 cents; in Germany, \$1.02 per week; in Holland and Belgium \$1.20, in Italy, and the Austrian states, \$1.15 cents. It will be remembered that these averages are those of the common laborer, shepherds, farmen, and mechanics receiving rather more. The food which the wages named above will purchase in the several countries is stated in the Express as follows.

In England the laborer can obtain for his 163 cents, or his week's wages, either 30 lbs. of bread or 11½ lbs. of meat, 7½ lbs. of butter, 12½ lbs. cheese, or 174 lbs. potatoes.

In France, with his 104 cents, he can buy either 46 lbs. of bread, 13½ lbs. of meat or 24½ lbs. of potatoes.

In Prussia, with his 66 cents per week, he laborer can buy either 35 lbs. of bread, 16 lbs. of meat, or 82 lbs. of butter.

In Germany, with 102 cents he obtains either 42½ lbs. of bread 18 lbs. of meat, 14½ lbs. of butter, 24 lbs. cheese, or 54 qt. of beer.

In Holland and Belgium, 120 will buy either 58 lbs. of bread 22 lbs. of beef, 8 lbs. of butter, 8 lbs. of cheese or 168 lbs. of potatoes.

This table is interesting as showing not only the prices of labor in the countries named, but also the price of bread, meat, water, cheese, &c. It is true the bread stated by the lb. instead of grain by the bushel, but as the flour of a bushel of wheat, say 40 lbs., will make from 63 to 65 lbs of bread, an estimate may easily be made of the quantity of wheat or flour a man in any of the countries named, would receive for a week's work. The laborer in this country who receives his bushel of wheat a day, or other articles in proportion, will readily conceive the meagre fare and slender chance of laying by any thing which must attend the foreign agricultural laborer. In all these countries it will be seen the value of provisions is at least as great as here and in some instances much greater. It is only by the comparisons which such authentic statements enables us to make, that the free laborers the farmers or mechanics in this country can fully appreciate the advantages of their position.—*Critic.*

THE VALUE OF AN ENGLISH WIFE.

The Liverpool *Albion*, alluding to the degraded position of females in China, relates an anecdote showing how highly a Chinese mandarin valued the wife of an English merchant. Nothing astonished the Chinamen who visit the English merchants at Hong-Kong so much as the difference which is paid to the ladies and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing the ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder how men can so far forget their dignity.

A young English merchant recently took his wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the wife, and seemed to fall with delight on her movements. When she at length left the mandarin, he said to the husband in his imperfect English, 'What you give for your wife? you?' 'Oh!' replied the husband laughing at the singular error of his visitor \$20,000. This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather

a high figure, but he was mistaken. Well said the mandarin taking out his book with an air of business 'I give you five hundred to me for \$5000. It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed or amused by the grave air of the Chinamen convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled therefore to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume.—The mandarin was pressing however and went as high as \$3000. The merchant who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity he had taken out with him was compelled at length to declare that Englishmen never sold their possession an assertion which the Chinamen were slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the mandarin had offered him \$7000 for her.

THE GREAT LAKES.

We presume that very few persons are aware of the vast extent of these inland seas—covering as they do an area almost as large as the continent of Europe.—Professor Drake of Louisville, visited them last summer, and has made public the result of his observations.

The chain of lakes extends over nearly eight and a half degrees of latitude in breadth, and sixteen degrees of longitude in length. The extent of their surface is estimated at 93,000 square miles; and the area of country drained by them is computed at 400,000 square miles. Their relative sizes are as follows: Ontario, 6,300 square miles; Erie, 9,600 square miles; St. Clair, 350 square miles; Huron, 20,400 square miles; Michigan, 21,400 square miles. The average depth of water in the different lakes is a question upon which there is no certain information. Authorities differ. Dr. Drake gives it as follows: St. Clair, 20 feet; Erie, 84 feet; Ontario, 500 feet; Superior, 600 feet; Huron and Michigan, 1600 feet.

In our standard works Lake Erie is said to have a depth of 120 feet.—The deepest soundings have been taken in Lake Huron. Off Saginaw Bay, 1800 feet of line have been sent down without finding bottom.

The altitude of these lakes varies step by step from Ontario to Superior. Lake Ontario is 232 feet above the tide water of St. Lawrence. Erie is 333 feet above Ontario, and 565 above tide water at Albany. St. Clair is 6 feet higher than Erie, Huron and Michigan are thirteen feet above St. Clair, and Superior lies forty-four above them.

This shows the curious fact, that while the surface of Huron is 684 feet above the level of the ocean, its bottom at Saginaw Bay is more than 1100 feet below the same level.

The waters of these lakes, with the exception of Erie and St. Clair, are remarkable for their transparency and delicious flavor. On Lake Huron, Professor Drake ascertained that the water at the same place indicated precisely the same temperature, to wit: 55 degrees; his explanation of the fact in this respect is so pure that the rays of the sun meet with no solid matter in suspension to arrest and retain the heat.

There is great curiosity connected with these lakes, about 30 miles from Kingston near the outlet of the Quebec, in Canada. The water of this vessel at a few years ago, in company with Lyell, of London, who pronounced it one of the greatest curiosities of the kind he ever saw. It is what is called 'St. Lawrence's rain,' or mountain lake. It is situated upon a conical hill about 35 feet high.—It is circular—about half a mile diameter, and occupies nearly the whole surface of the hill.

The lake is consequently entirely without tide; yet a small stream constantly escapes from one edge of the lake, on the side of the hill, turning the wheel of a flouring mill, which has been erected near the summit. The level of the water in the lake is supposed to be a foot 350 feet above that of the bay below. As there is no high lands within 50 or 60 miles, perhaps a greater distance, the curious question arises, whence comes the supply for this mountain lake.

Professor Lyell supposed to occupy the crater of an extinct volcano, and to receive its waters through hidden syphons, from greater distance; but did not coincide with the popular belief in the

neighborhood, that the fountain in heaven was Lake Erie, although it is supposed they occupy the same level.

Will not some of our geologists examine this curious lake, and give us the result of their investigations?—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

A MILLERITE MIRACLE.

In a little village in the State of Kentucky in the year 1844, where all sorts of excitement concerning the doctrine and prophecies of that arch deceiver Miller. For months the 'M'ough eye,' followed by the 'M'orning Hawk,' and the 'N'oonday Yell,' had circulated through the village and surrounding country, to an extent not even equalled by Dr. Duncan's best-bred Cannon Speech.—Men disposed of their property for little or nothing. The women were pale and ghastly from watching and praying, and in fact, the whole population, or at least those who believed in the coming ascension, looked as if they were about half over a second attack of the chill and fever. There were, however, some choice spirits, (not chosen in their, however,) who, notwithstanding the popularity of the delusion, would not enlist under the banners of ascensionists, and among these was a wild, iron-searum blade from 'Down East,' by the name of Cato Newham. Now Cato was as hard a case as you would meet on a fourth of July in Texas, always alive for fun and sport of any and every description and a strong disbeliever in Millerism.

The night of the 31 of April was the time agreed upon for the grand exhibition of ground and lofty jumpings, and about 10 o'clock, of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand in the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a freemason by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly, and rough a descendant of Ham, as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bare a remarkable resemblance to a pair of tines; a fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasp round his neck, his head towards the air and in two pieces off you would have seen an old set of potent gear.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to an ancient grudge bore him, hated Sam like smoke, and he done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the select, but all to no purpose; Sam would creep in at every meeting, and on a night here he was again, dressed in white robe of escapation, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now on the morning of the 31, Cato had, with a deal of perseverance, had more trouble, managed to throw a half inch hemp cord over the branch of a oak, which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some distance off. About 10 o'clock when the excitement was getting about 80 lbs. the inch, Cato wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd and proceeded to listen in a secure manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt, which confined Sam's robe—succeeded, and 'sloped,' to join some of his companions who had the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard, exclaiming, 'Gar, Almighty! I've going up! Who-ho! and sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the ethereal blue, his ascent was however, when he had cleared terra firma a few feet. 'Glory!' cried one, 'Hallelujah!' another and shrieked, 'vells, made night hideous; some, faintly, others prayed, and now a few dropped their robe and shot! Now wither it was owing to the lightness of his robe, or the length and weight of his pellets or both, Sam's position was not pleasant one; he felt to what Cato's cord was attached, was bound exactly round his pair of seats, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heeb up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a prodium, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands, and vigorous kicking. At length he became alarmed, he would not go, and he could not come down—'Ler a

Missy,' cried he, 'Ist take um poor eggs to um basin, or left down ag'n, any, easy, Gar Almighty! Lef him down ag'n, please um Lad, and do eggs will go straight um to bed! Ugh h—' and Sam's teeth chattered with right, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward and his heels up, when a woman shrieking out, 'O! Brother Sam, take me with you,' sprang at his heels as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up to standing. 'Gosh! Sister,' cried Sam, 'let go um poor eggs's hair.' Cato gave another pull at the rope, but the additional was so much the belt gave way, and down came Sam his bullet head taking the leader of the priests a feeler just between the eyes. 'Gosh is I down ag'n?' cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up, 'I is brass de Lord! but I w's nearly dar, I send the gate!' The leader wiped his overflowing proboscis, took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and giving him a kick to posterior, said, 'leave! you cussed bhoyon, you are sad—I uz, I knowed they would let you in.

A HERO OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

The National Intelligencer notices the death, at his residence, near the Navy Yard, Washington, a few days since, of Salvador M. Catalano, Sailing Master, U. S. N., aged 70 years, native of Palermo, Sicily, but for the last forty one years a resident of the U. S. It appears that the admission of the deceased into the American Navy with the reward of services as a volunteer to pilot the giant Decatur into the harbor of Tripoli, when he set fire to American Frigate Philadelphia then in possession of the Corsairs. The deceased was at the time, 1804, a pilot on board the Enterprise then under the command of Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Decatur, Lieutenant Decatur being aware that this pilot understood the language of Corsairs first proposed to him and afterwards to Commodore Preble then commanding the squadron during the project of entering the harbor of Tripoli by night and destroying by fire the Frigate Philadelphia.

The deceased immediately volunteered services and the project being approved by Com. Preble the gallant Decatur with the deceased (one midshipman and twenty men being concealed in the bottom of a tub) sailed for the Philadelphia. On approaching the frigate the tub was hauled when the deceased answered that he had cut his cable and anchor and requested permission to make fast to the frigate until morning. Having obtained leave to make fast to her stern Decatur and his brave companions boarded the Philadelphia and swept her decks. Out of fifty Corsairs not one escaped. The frigate was set on fire and the heroic band set sail for America, a squadron with only one man wounded. As a reward for this brave and heroic service the deceased upon the return of Commodore Decatur was admitted into the American Navy.

Curious Theft.—A baby, three months old, was stolen from its mother, in Cincinnati, 5 or 6 days since. The child was stolen from the cradle, where its mother had placed it for the purpose of going out to purchase groceries. She was gone for a few minutes, and when she returned her child was gone.

A very sensible quaking of the earth occurred at Memphis, Tenn., on the evening of the 23d ultimo, about half past 9 o'clock, starting people to their feet, and frightening most of the agitation was accompanied with a roar or rumbling noise, and apparently proceeded from a North Westery direction it lasted about half a minute.

It is stated that in a certain part of Massachusetts, where the small pox prevailed to some extent, the keeper of a public tavern, notwithstanding he had a malignant case of the disease in his house, admitted a bridal party on a wedding tour. The bride caught the infection, and in the course of ten days was a corpse! Shocking!

Can you spin your sock with two feet? Yes,—o, (=)rightly!